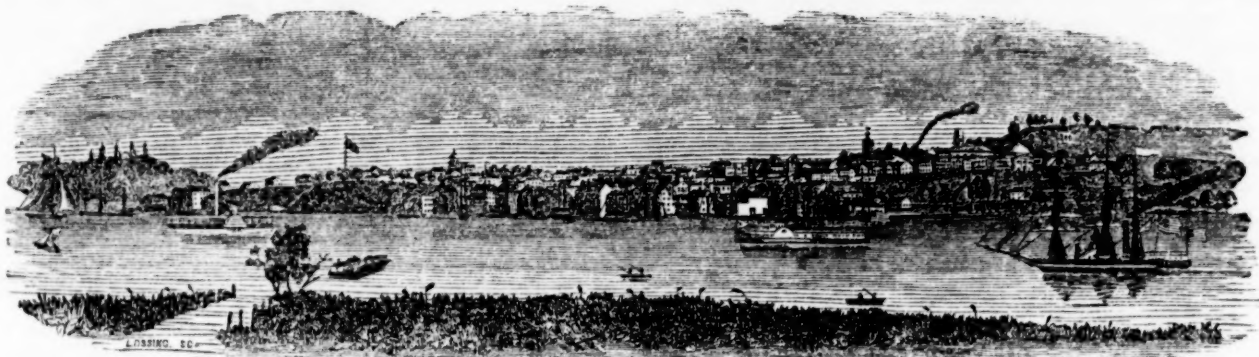


# THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

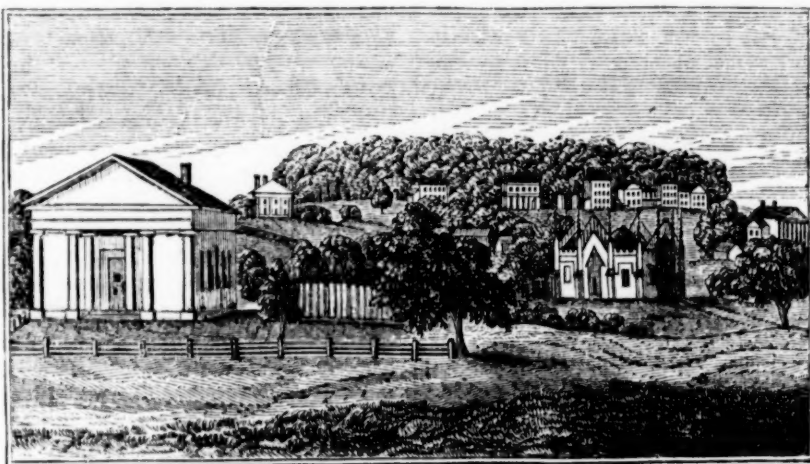
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## EASTERN VIEW OF ROUND HILL, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



THE above is a representation of Round Hill, an elevation which rises immediately back of the court-house and the central part of Northampton. It is very regular in its form, and the summit is crowned by a noble grove. A number of elegant residences stand on the side of this elevation, overlooking the village; and from this spot there is a fine prospect of Mount Holyoke and the delightful valley of the Connecticut. The view from which the above engraving was made, was taken standing on the western side of the first Congregational church. The building appearing on the left is the *Town School*; the Gothic structure on the right is the young *Ladies' Seminary*. Round Hill is seen beyond. There are 5 churches, 2 Congregational, (1 of which is Unitarian,) 1 Episcopal, and 1 Baptist. There is 1 bank, the "Northampton Bank," with a capital of \$200,000. Population, 3,576. Northampton is 91 miles west of Boston, 72 east of Albany, 40 north of Hartford, 22 south of Greenfield, 17 northerly of Springfield, and 376 from Washington. In 1837, there were 3 woolen mills, 7 sets of machinery; 70,000 yards of cloth were manufactured, valued at \$230,000; males employed, 64; females, 60; capital invested, \$100,000. There are 2 silk manufactories; value of ribbon and sewing silk manufactured, \$10,000; males employed, 20; females, 40; capital invested,

\$100,000. There is a paper mill, an air and cupola furnace, and other manufactories of various kinds.

The inhabitants of Northampton appeared to have lived in great harmony with the Indians. In 1664, the Indians requested leave of the people to build themselves a fort within the town; leave was granted, and their fort was erected perhaps about thirty rods from the most populous street. The conditions on which leave was obtained for building their fort were—that they should not work or game within the town on the Sabbath, nor powaw here or any where else; they should not get liquor, nor cider, nor get drunk; nor admit Indians from without the town; nor break down fences, &c. "The Indians" says Dr. Dwight, "were always considered as having a right to dwell and to hunt within the lands which they had sold." Although the Indians lived in such close contact with the whites, there is not even a traditionary story of any quarrel between them and the people of Northampton. But after Phillip's war commenced, the inhabitants were in continual danger. In 1675, a guard was kept continually; several of the inhabitants had their houses burnt. In King William's war, in 1690, a fortification was ordered to be run quite round the town. In 1704 a body of French and Indians, numbering, it is supposed, about five hundred, in-

vaded the town, but it appears that the inhabitants were so vigilant and well fortified, that they made no serious attempt upon the place. It appears that one house was fortified in every little neighborhood so that all the inhabitants might have a place of refuge near, in case of an attack. "These fortifications must have been expensive. Those which were erected around the town, were palisades set up in the earth, thrown out of a trench; and must from their great extent have involved an expense scarcely supportable." The first road to Windsor, their only passage to market, was laid in 1664. The first bridge over Manhan river, a mill stream three miles south of their church, was voted in 1668. At the same time, they paid their taxes at Charlestown first, and afterwards at Boston, in wheat. This was conveyed to Hartford in carts and wagons, and there shipped for Boston. There is one account only, of their expense in a transaction of this nature recorded. In this instance, they were obliged to pay one third of the cargo for the transportation from Hartford to Charlestown.

During Shay's insurrection 1786, after the insurgents had concerted their measures at Hatfield, they assembled to the number of about 1,500, under arms, at Northampton, took possession of the court-house, and effectually prevented the sitting of the court as prescribed by law. Upon this violence being committed, the governor issued his proclamation in a feeling and spirited manner upon the officers and citizens, to suppress such treasonable proceedings, but such was the state of things in the commonwealth at this time, that the ill-disposed paid but little attention to this timely measure.

The first minister of Northampton was Eleazer Mather, son of the Rev. Richard Mather, of Dorchester. He was ordained in 1661, and died in 1669, aged 32. Mr. Mather's health having declined, Rev. Joseph Elliot, in 1662, was invited to settle in the ministry here; he was the second son of Rev. John Elliot, of Roxbury, the celebrated apostle to the Indians; he afterwards settled at Guilford, Conn. Rev. Solomon Stoddard was the next minister, was ordained in 1672 and died in 1729. His successor was Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated divine, who was invited in 1726 to assist Mr. Stoddard in the ministry. Mr. Stoddard "possessed probably more influence than any other

clergyman in the province, during a period of thirty years. Here he was regarded with a reverence which will scarcely be rendered to any other man. The very savages are said to have felt towards him a peculiar awe. Once, when riding from Northampton to Hatfield, and passing a place called Dewey's Hole, an ambush of savages lined the road. It is said that a Frenchman, directing his gun towards him, was warned by one of the Indians, who some time before had been among the English, not to fire, because 'that man was *Englishman's God*.' A similar adventure is said to have befallen him while meditating in an orchard, immediately behind the church in Deerfield, a sermon he was about to preach. These stories, told in Canada, are traditionally asserted to have been brought back by English captives. It was customary for the Canadian savages, after they returned from their excursions, to report their adventures, by way of triumph, to the captives taken in the English colonies. Among the works which Mr. Stoddard published, his *Guide to Christ*, and his *Safety of appearing in the Righteousness of Christ*, have ever been held in respectful estimation. "He published the *Doctrine of Instituted Churches*, London, 4to, 1700, in which he advanced some sentiments, that were not very well received in this country, such as the following:—That the Lord's table should be accessible to all persons not immoral in their lives, that the power of receiving and censuring members is vested exclusively in the elders of the church, and that synods have power to excommunicate and deliver from church censures."

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards continued in Northampton more than 23 years, till he was dismissed in 1750. The causes which led to his dismissal were his endeavors to enforce what he considered to be his duty in regard to the discipline of the church, and likewise the opposition he made to the sentiment supported by his colleague and grandfather, Rev. Mr. Stoddard, that unconverted persons ought to be allowed to come to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. In 1751, he was settled at Stockbridge as missionary to the Indians, where he continued six years, preaching to the Indians and white people. Here he found leisure to prosecute his theological and metaphysical studies, and produced those works which will probably hand down his name to the latest posterity. In January, 1758, he reluctantly accepted the presidency of the college at Princeton, New Jersey. The small-pox prevailing, President Edwards was induced to be inoculated, which was the cause of his death, March 22, 1758, in the 55th year of his age.

David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary, died at the house of Jonathan Edwards, in this place, Oct. 9, 1747, in the 30th year of his age. His life was written by Mr. Edwards. "His life and diary," says a celebrated English divine, "exhibits a perfect pattern of the qualities which should distinguish the instructor of rude and barbarous tribes; the most invincible patience and self-denial, the profoundest humility, exquisite prudence, indefatigable industry, and such a devotedness to God, or rather such an absorption of the whole soul in zeal for the divine glory and the salvation of men, as is scarcely paralleled since the age of the apostles.—His constitutional melancholy, though it must be regarded as a physical imperfection, imparts an additional interest and pathos to the narrative, since we more easily sympathize with the emotion,

of sorrow than of joy. There is a monotony in his feelings, it must be acknowledged, and consequently a frequent repetition of the same ideas, which will disgust a fastidious or superficial reader, but it is the *monotony of sublimity*."

## TALES.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

### A YANKEE FARMER'S WINTER EVENING;

*Showing how Sally French "Set her Cap" for him, and Old Mr. French set a trap for him.*

BY SEBA SMITH, THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF "MAJOR DOWNING'S LETTERS."

OLD Mr. French, Jacob French—not his twin brother, whose name was Richard, sat before the fire, looking straight into it. His wife stood by the table in the middle of the floor washing up the supper dishes, which his two oldest "gals," Sarah and Elizabeth, commonly called in the family Sal and Betts, were wiping with dry cloths, and setting back on the shelves. Mrs. French was a neat housewife—I'll say that for her, as for any in New England; and I take occasion to allude to her habits, in regard to her dishes, for the good of those who may seem to need the benefit of her example. She was not satisfied with giving them a "swash in dirty water" that would leave them dirtier than when they were put into it. She first washed them thoroughly with a clean cloth in a tub of clean hot water; then she passed them through a second tub of clean hot water, and went over them again with a clean fresh cloth. She then handed them over to the "gals," who, with dry cloths, very clean and very white, gave them the last polishing touch. There was no mistake about Mrs. French's dishes; they would turn no man's stomach, however fastidious he might be.

"Such niceness and particularity of course required time, and it argues nothing against the efficiency and smartness of Mrs. French as a housewife, to admit that it was good fifteen minutes from the time the operation commenced till the whole was completed. As I said before that old Mr. French sat before the fire, looking straight into it, so I say now, although the fifteen minutes are out and the last cup is shining in its place on the shelf. Nor am I willing to have it regarded as an argument against the intellectuality of old Mr. French, that he sat thus for fifteen minutes without saying a word. He was a man of few words. But when he did speak, he meant something—which is more than a great many people do who talk a great deal.

"Sal," said the old gentleman, without raising his eyes from the fire, "my tobacco board."

This was a little board about six inches by twelve, on which he cut his tobacco for his pipe, having a hole through the upper end, by which it was hung on a nail against the wall, and a little box at the lower end which held the tobacco.

Sally brought the article to her father, and the old gentleman took a large jack-knife from his deep waistcoat pocket, and a small piece of fig tobacco from the box, and proceeded by a sort of mechanical motion to mince the one with the other into very small bits, till he had sufficient for a clever smoke.

"Sal, my pipe," slowly articulated Mr. French, still looking into the fire.

The pipe was hanging by the bowl in a little piece of board nailed above the mantle-piece, in

which an oblique mortise was cut just wide enough to admit the stem. Sally handed down the pipe, and the old gentleman proceeded "to load her," as he usually termed it. The pipe had a large bowl, but a short stem—in fact, the stem was by measurement just three inches. All Mr. French's pipes were just the same length. If he bought a handsome new pipe a foot long, he always immediately broke it down to three inches. The reason of this rule was, that three inches, horizontally, carries the bowl just one inch beyond the end of his nose; and the proximity in cold weather afforded a very agreeable warmth to that exposed organ, and in all weather it enabled Mr. French to save much of the delicious odor of the weed, which otherwise would have been a total loss.

Having "loaded her," he put the stem to his mouth and drew his breath through it—and blew his breath through it, two or three times, with decided force and emphasis, to see "if she would breathe free." The proof being satisfactory, he continued his conversation as follows:

"Sal a coal."

Sally took the tongs and selected a nice little bright coal from the fire, and handed it to the old gentleman, who applied it to the bowl of his pipe, and drew several rapid and smart puffs through it, till a fine wavy curl of smoke began to roll from his mouth.

"Sal, my hat and staff," said the old gentleman, rising from his chair and standing six feet high.

The staff, which was standing behind the door, and the hat, which was hanging above it on a wooden peg, were brought and put into his hands. Mr. French, having placed the crown of the one upon the crown of his head, and the foot of the other by the side of his foot, dropped his conversation, and began to move silently toward the door. But he had not proceeded above half way across the room, before he was brought to a full stand by an exclamation from Mrs. French.

"Now, Mr. French," said that excellent, thrifty and careful housewife, "you aint a goin' to be so imprudent as to go out this evening without your great coat; you'll ketch your death a cold; you don't know how cold it's growd since dark."

"Only over to neighbor Gray's," said Mr. French, taking another step towards the door.

"Well, now I insist upon it, Mr. French: you aint a goin' out this evening without your great coat; I don't want to have to keep dosing you up with a cold all the time—now, jest as 'Thanksgiving and Christmas is coming on."

Mr. French paused again, and turned half way round. If he was not prudent in anything else, he was prudent in one thing, he never stopped to dispute with his wife. He had two modes of avoiding that ugly difficulty; one was, to surrender the point at once, and the other, to retreat rapidly out of hearing. The former expedient was adopted on this occasion, for he again renewed his conversation with as much liveliness, and a little more authority than before.

"Sal, my great-coat."

"Sally, hand your father's great-coat," said Mrs. French, with the satisfied air of a woman who has her own way.

"Sal, my great-coat," deliberately repeated Mr. French, choosing to have it understood that the garment was brought by his own order. Sally brought the coat. It was a heavy garment of homespun wool, and a drab color. Mr. French



threw it over his shoulders in the manner of a cloak, letting the sleeves hang loose by his side.

"There now, Mr. French, you are not goin' out so; put the great-coat on so it will do you some good," said Mrs. French, stepping up to help execute her own order; "and besides, it looks so—you wouldn't ketch Cap'n Gray to go out with a great coat looking that way," continued the lady, as she held the sleeves for Mr. French to put his arms through.

The old gentleman submitted like a child, without the least sign of resistance, to have his arms as well as his body eased in the outer garment. The cut of the coat was much like that of a long straight meal bag, and being an excellent fit for the long, slim body of Mr. French, extending down within two inches of his shoes, the whole figure might be taken as a very tolerable model of a substantial gate-post. The coat being on, and carefully buttoned by Mrs. French from the chin downwards, something more than a yard and a half, the old gentleman, with pipe in mouth and staff in hand, left the house, and puffed his way along for a quarter of a mile, to the residence of Captain Gray.

"Walk in," said the strong voice of Captain Gray, in reply to the rap at the door. "Ah! Mr. French, good evening—glad to see ye; I was just thinking, a moment before you knocked, I wished you would drop in a little while, and have a sociable smoke this evening. Debby, set a chair for Mr. French."

"The arm-chair, Debby," said Mrs. Gray, as the child ran to obey the order.

The arm-chair was placed before a large blazing wood-fire, which was roaring up the chimney like a young cataract.

"You must take off your great-coat, Mr. French," said Mrs. Gray, "or you won't feel it when you go out."

The old gentleman slowly unbuttoned the coat, and Mrs. Gray helped him off with the sleeves, and Debby took it, and laid it away, and put back the hat and staff; and presently the tall form of the visitor was comfortably seated in the large arm-chair by the side of Captain Gray. He had not yet uttered a word since he came into the house, but now, drawing his pipe from his mouth, and blowing out a long puff of smoke, and looking straight into the fire, he delivered one of those sententious speeches, so full of pith and meaning, which gave a peculiar stamp to his character.

"Cold night," said the old gentleman, returning the pipe to his mouth, and rubbing his hands together.

This was a sufficient opening for Captain Gray, to talk half an hour. Indeed, he was so much the counterpart of old Mr. French, that he could talk half an hour upon anything. He had been a farmer in early life, and then for several years followed the sea, in which time he had risen to the command of a sloop coaster—and now, with the honorable title of captain, and a few hundred dollars in his pocket, had retired again to a farm. Luckily he had pitched on a farm adjoining that of old Mr. French, for he being a great talker, while Mr. French was a capital listener—they set their horses very well together, were fond of each other's society, could borrow and lend without difficulty, and never quarrelled. Before the captain had fairly launched out upon the sea of conversation, some half dozen young folks, who were sitting round the fire, when

old Mr. French came in, had unaccountably disappeared. The truth was, the arrival of the old gentleman was in an instant hailed by the young folks as a joyful signal for a gathering at Mr. French's and the wink having passed another round among them, they slipped out, one after another, and were all flying up the road "like a stream of chalk."

"Yes, pretty cold night," said the captain, in reply to the above discourse of farmer French, "but nothing at all, a mere circumstance, to what I've seen it sometimes at this time of year, coming on the coast, when a nor' wester was whistling down upon us, heavy enough to tear young mountains up by the roots, and the spray was flying over us mast high, and every drop that touched the rigging froze, till an inch rope was as big round as my arm, and the bowsprit increased to the size of a back-log, and when you couldn't speak so as to be understood, unless you turned your mouth to the leeward, and used short words,—for the first end of a long word would be froze stiff before you could get the last syllable out—that's what I call cold weather, neighbor French," said the captain, rising to light his pipe, which he had been rather mechanically filling during the foregoing remarks.

"Yes, that's cold weather," said Mr. French, looking steadily into the fire; and, as if in some degree inspired by the eloquence of the captain, he added a remarkable continuation of his discourse as follows; "Bad time for cows, always dry up amazingly in such cold weather."

"Dry up!" said the captain, "why, in such weather as I've seen, coming on the coast this time of year, a cow would all dry up in fifteen minutes, so there would be nothing left of her but a lump of ice. Why, neighbor French, the time I was speaking of, the upper side of a cod's head froze as hard as a horn while the cook was frying the under side over a hot fire. That's what I call cold weather."

"Yes, that's cold weather," said Mr. French.

"Why, neighbor," resumed the captain, "the time I was speaking of, when the blow was a little over, we fell in with another sloop, that was laying to in rather strange condition, and we hailed her, but got no answer. We could see one man standing at the helm, and we hailed again, but got no answer. Then we down boat, and went aboard; and there was a sight to be remembered, neighbor—a sight to be remembered. The man standing at the helm was froze stone dead, and hard as a solid column of ice. We cut away round the cabin door, for the spray had froze several inches thick; and when we got into the cabin, there was the captain and mate, froze to death, sitting by the table where they had been eating dinner. The mate had a piece of frozen potatoe in his mouth, and the captain had a piece of meat on his fork, which he still held in his hand. The cook we found in the caboose-house, with his feet poked into the stove and burnt to a coal, and the rest of his body froze as hard as a stone. That's what I call cold weather."

"Yes, that's cold weather," said old Mr. French, without turning his head or his eyes to the right or left.

"That was cold weather worth talking about," said Captain Gray, going to the fire to put a new coal into his pipe, which had nearly gone out during his speech about cold weather.

"Yes that's cold weather worth talking about,"

said old Mr. French, with rather more than his usual emphasis.

Here Captain Gray began to call over the roll of his children—"Jerusha!" no answer; "John!" no answer; "Thomas—Debby—George!" no answer.

"Why, what has become of all these boys and gals?" said Captain Gray impatiently; "seems to me they are out of the way mighty quick."

"I don't think there is one of them in the house," said Mrs. Gray; "I guess they are every one of them over at Mr. French's by this time. What do you want, Mr. Gray? for I guess I shall have to wait upon you myself."

"Why, I wanted a mug of cider," said the captain; "I can't have a comfortable smoke without a mug of cider before me."

"O, well, I can help you to that," said Mrs. Gray; so away she went to the cellar, and brought in a large mug of cider, and set it upon the nicely swept hearth before the fire. Then she went out again, and soon returned with a dish of large red apples in one hand, and a dish of large yellow apples in the other hand, and set them down, one on each side of the mug.

"Ah, that looks something like it, neighbor French," said the captain.

"Yes, that looks something like it," said the old gentleman, slightly changing the angle of his vision from the fire to the mug.

"A comfortable smoke" of an hour long now followed, during which the captain told with much spirit some of his long sea stories, while Mr. French responded at suitable intervals, in short pithy sentences, generally repeating the last words of the captain. After getting down into the second mug of cider pretty well towards the bottom, however, the old gentleman's tongue was observed to be a little loosened, and his ideas to flow with somewhat accelerated motion; so that he gave the captain considerable valuable information respecting the number of loads of wood he had piled up in his door yard, the condition of his cattle, barn, cellar, &c.

But all this while quite a different scene was passing at the farm-house of old Mr. French. The young folks of the two families together numbered a good round baker's dozen, and when they were all gathered in one room, round a bright blazing fire, it is not to be wondered at, that there were some strong ebullitions of fun and frolic among them.

"Gals, what are you giggling about, up in that corner there?" said Mrs. French to a knot of them, who were huddled together on one side of the wide fire-place.

"Oh, nothing in particular, mother," said Sally, and then they all burst out into a laugh again.

"So much laughing isn't for nothin'," said the old lady; "you've got some mischief going on and I must know what 'tis. What have you got in that bundle, Sally?" And she moved toward the group to enter upon an examination. At that the girls ran into an adjoining bed-room, shutting the door after them, and laughing loud and merrily.

"I know what 'tis," said little Peter French, about ten years old, who had been sitting quietly in the corner and watching the movements.

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. French.

"Now, Pete," said Sally, looking out of the bed-room door, "if you tell, I'll box your ears."

"Yes, he may tell," said Mrs. French, "and you sha'n't touch him."

"Yes, I will tell," said little Peter, "and you sha'n't touch me, mother says you sha'n't. And he began to stretch open his mouth with—"Sal's a going to set"—but before he proceeded farther, Sally ran and put her hand over his mouth, and stopt his utterance. Here two or three of the larger boys interfered, and pulled Sally away, calling upon Peter to know what it was that "Sal was going to set."

Peter being relieved, again, called out aloud—"Sal's going to set her cap for the schoolmaster to-night."

At this, the boys gave a shout, the girls giggled, and Mrs. French turned away and shook her sides in silence.

"How do you know she's going to set her cap for the schoolmaster?" said John Gray.

"'Cause I seen it, and heard her tell Jerusha so," said Peter.

"You seen it?" said John; "well, what sort of a thing is it?"

"Oh, it's a great cap, big enough to ketch a cow in."

"What is it, a night cap?"

"Well, it's made jest like a nightcap, only it's such a great large thing."

"What is it made of?"

"A sheet, I b'leeve," said Peter; and here the dialogue was broken off by a general laugh.

"There, Sally," said Jerusha Gray, "the cat's out of the bag; it's no use for us to try to keep it to ourselves any longer."

"If the cat's out of the bag," said John, "the schoolmaster isn't in it yet, and I should like to know how you are going to get him in."

The matter being broached to the whole company, a general explanation now followed. Mr. Jones, the schoolmaster of the district, boarded at Mr. French's, and quite "a spat" occurred that morning between Sally and him, about a certain lady "setting her cap" for the schoolmaster. Sally contended that it was a gone case with Mr. Jones, for whoever that lady set her cap for, would surely be caught. Mr. Jones spurned at the idea, and retorted that he was not to be caught by anybody's cap, not even Sally's, though she might set it for him twenty years. For this personal fling at Sally, she determined to have some good-humored personal revenge; and therefore had planned to set a cap for him that night, not figuratively, but in fact, a *bona fide* cap, and catch him in it, as pigeons are caught in a net. For this purpose, she had taken a sheet, and run it up in the form of a cap, put strings two yards in length at the ears, and trimmed it off with several enormous large bows. The article was now brought forward and exhibited to the company amid shouts of mirth. "Well, it's a very nice cap," said John Gray, "but it puzzles me to know how you are going to catch him in it."

"I can tell you," says Sally, "how I'm going to do it. The master is coming home at eight o'clock, this evening; and I'm going to take my stand in the dark entry, near the parlor door, and have the cap open and all ready in my hands, and as he opens the parlor door to come in, I'll just step softly behind him, and throw it over his head. So if you will just be quiet about it, you shall all see the schoolmaster caught in a cap."

The joke pleased them all so well, they were anxious to see it carried out, and were ready to give any aid they could. All other sports were

dropped, and all ideas were absorbed in the one idea of "catching the master." It was now drawing towards eight o'clock, and Sally, with cap in hand, took her station in the dark entry. It was not long before the well-known step of Mr. Jones was heard at the front door. He opened the outer door, and closed it after him, and then the inner door, and closed it after him, and walked along through the dark entry, or hall, near the parlor door, where he deposited his hat and cloak on a table.—As he opened the parlor door and beheld a large circle seated round the fire, he addressed them with—"good evening, ladies and—;" the word gentlemen, which was intended as the close of the sentence, was smothered beneath the enormous cap, which Sally, stepping up behind him, had suddenly thrown over his head. It almost entirely covered him. The master commenced a furious struggle to uncase himself, while a roar of laughter arose from the whole company that fairly shook the house.

Mr. Jones had good sense enough to join in the laugh, after he had gained his liberty, and the candor to acknowledge that Sally had fairly caught him, by setting her cap for him. But at the same time, he in his turn now resolved to have a little good-humored revenge. After sitting down and chatting a half an hour, and eating an apple all round, Mr. Jones rose and said he was sorry to leave such good company, but he was obliged to go over as far as neighbor Barker's to return some books, which he had promised to take home this evening. Sally cautioned him to beware of Abigail Barker's cap, for she knew it had been set for him; and as he had been caught in one cap, he might be in another. Mr. Jones thanked her, and thought he should be able to take care of himself pretty well in future, and then retired up-stairs to his room to prepare for his visit.

Here Mr. Jones set about executing the little piece of revenge, which he had already planned. Taking a suit of his clothes, coat, vest and pantaloons, he buttoned them up, and fastened them together, and stuffed them out with pillows and other articles, to the common size of a man, then affixing something upon the shoulders of a suitable size to represent the head, and fastening a pair of stuffed stockings to the lower extremities for feet, he carried the figure quietly and carefully into Sally's sleeping chamber, and laid it upon her bed. To help out the illusion, he placed a hat upon a little table that stood at the head of the bed near the window, and then quietly departed on his errand over to Mr. Barker's.

About nine o'clock, while Captain Gray and old Mr. French were keeping up their acquaintance with the third mug of cider, and had got as far as the captain's fifth voyage, George Gray, the third son, came rushing into the house alone, panting for breath, and his eyes rolling with wildness.

"Why, George what's the matter?" said Captain Gray; "is anybody hurt?"

"Has the old horse got loose in the barn?" said old Mr. French; for he had rather an unruly old horse, which sometimes broke loose and kicked about furiously among the cattle.

"Some of the children are hurt, aint they?" said Mrs. Gray.

By this time, George recovered breath enough to begin to speak. "Mrs. French wants Mr. French to come right home, and father to come along with him."

"Couldn't you and the boys drive the old horse into his place?" said Mr. French.

"Tisn't that," said George,

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Gray.

"There's a man in Sally's bed-room," said George, still looking very wild.

"A man in Sal's bed-room?" said old Mr. French, starting to his feet like a boy; "what's he there arter, George? hey! what's he there arter?"

"Don't know," said George; "he's there, laying on the bed asleep, or drunk, or dead, or something another."

Old Mr. French for a moment seemed to lose his self-possession, and dashed his pipe into the fire-place—a thing which he had never been known to do before in his life. Then stepping as though he had renewed his age some twenty years, he caught his hat and staff, not stopping for his great-coat, and started for home. Captain Gray followed immediately after, with a loaded pistol in his hand, which he had always been careful to keep in good order and well loaded ever since the time he thought he was chased by a pirate at sea. Close behind Captain Gray came Mrs. Gray, with a blanket thrown over her head, and George, still puffing and breathing hard from his homeward run, followed close behind his mother.

On their arrival at Mr. French's, they found the house in a remarkable state of stillness, for Mrs. French was a woman of great presence of mind, as well as steadiness and firmness of nerve. As soon as it had been hinted to her, that a man was in Sally's bed-room, by one of the girls, who, in passing up stairs, happened to glance in at the door, which was partially open, Mrs. French had ordered them all to be hushed and quiet. After listening a minute or two and hearing no sound, she crept carefully in her stocking feet up to the head of the stairs. Still she heard no sound. She had given direction to the boys to stand at the foot of the stairs, and again she moved along with the stillness of a ghost, and approached the door of the bed-room. The door was open a few inches, so that she could see across the bed and table to the window. There was a bright moon outside, which, though not shining directly upon the window, made it sufficiently light in the bed-room to render objects quite visible. She plainly saw a man's hat on the table, and there, sure enough, too, was a man with his clothes on, lying on the bed. Who, or what he was, or what was his object, she took but little time to consider. The door had an iron hook and staple on the outer side, and Mrs. French with that presence of mind which showed her to be one of a thousand, slowly drew the door to, without the slightest noise, and fastened it with the hook. Then creeping noiselessly down stairs, she immediately sent George for help.

"Where is the rascal?" said old Mr. French, as he entered the door; "is he in Sal's room yet?"

"Hush, hush," said Mrs. French, in a very loud whisper, "if he's asleep you may wake him up."

"He's asleep, then, is he?" said old Mr. French.

"Well, I don't know whether he's asleep, or dead, or making believe sleep," said Mrs. French; "or whether he's a robber, or what he is; but I'm sure he can't be there for any good."

"Any good?" said old Mr. French, "I'll learn him better than to get into the wrong tie-up again, I'll promise him. But are you sure he is there yet?"



"Oh, yes," said Mrs. French, "I hooked the door and fastened him in, and he's laid as still as a mouse ever since."

"But are you sure a man was in there, when you fastened the door?" said Captain Gray.

"Jest as sure as I'm alive," said Mrs. French; "I saw him as plain, as I see you now, laying on the bed as still as a dead man, and his hat was laying on the table. And Betty saw him too, before I did."

After some further consultation, it was resolutely determined to organize their forces in the most efficient manner they could, and proceed to storm the chamber, and take the man dead or alive.

"But I think," said Captain Gray, "I better stand outside with my pistol, for when he comes to find the door besieged, he'll very likely jump out of the window."

"No, no," said old Mr. French, "I can fix it better than that; we must have you with the pistol at the door. I'll set my spring-pole and cord under the window; and if he jumps out, and it doesn't string him right up by the heels, as straight as a rabbit, why, then let him go, that's all."

So out Mr. French went, with one of the boys to help him, and set his spring-pole under the window. This was a stout, elastic pole, fifteen or twenty feet long, having a long rope with a noose fastened at one end, used catching bears, wildcats, racoons, &c. in the woods. The large end of the pole was fastened under the sill of the house, so as to stand nearly upright, and then the top was bent down to the ground, and there fastened with some little ketch-work, like that used in setting a trap. The noose of the rope was then spread out under the window, and some boards so placed, that if the man jumped from the window upon them, it would remove the ketch that held the pole, which would suddenly spring up, drawing the noose round the man's legs, and hold him up by the heels dangling in the air.

This capital contrivance being arranged, much to the satisfaction of old Mr. French, the party proceeded to organize their forces for besieging the chamber door. Captain Gray took the lead with loaded pistol in hand. Old Mr. French had a musket, but no ammunition. The old gentleman, whose ideas on the occasion had acquired a wonderful sharpness, said he could frighten the fellow with the muzzle, and then fight him with the butt-end. John Gray took an axe, and the other boys armed themselves with fire-pokers, clubs and hand-pikes. Mrs. French and Mrs. Gray, and Sally and Jerusha, stood behind and held the candles.—When they got to the door, Captain Gray said it was best for Mr. French to hail the fellow through the key-hole, and see what he had to say for himself, and whether he would give up at once, and cry for quarter. Accordingly the old gentleman, before the door was unfastened, ventured up to the key-hole, and began to reconnoitre. First he looked through.

"Ah, there he is," said the old man, "stretched out on the bed, and there's his hat on the table.—The rascal! I wish I had hold of him; I'd larn him not to go into the wrong tie-up."

Then he put his mouth to the key-hole, and began a parley; at the same time, giving a rap upon the door.

"Who's in here? hullo! who's in here? I say!" No answer. "A pretty rascal you are to be here in our Sal's bed-room. Who are ye? I say; what

are ye arter?" No answer. "You needn't make b'leve asleep, nor dead, for you've got to come out, dead or alive. You needn't think to get away out of the window, for we shall overtake you."

The last remark is believed to have been made by the old gentleman for the express purpose of inducing the fellow to jump out of the window into the old man's favorite trap.

"Mr. French, let me have a word or two with him," said Captain Gray; "I'll make him start, if he's got any life in him."

The captain, having put his mouth to the key-hole, gave him the full volume of his trumpet voice.

"Hullo there! you rebel, you tory, you scoundrel! what do you mean by getting into folks' houses in this way? It's no use for you to make any resistance; if you do, you are a dead man in a minute. I've got a loaded pistol here in my hand, that wouldn't miss fire once in a thousand times; and if you show the least resistance, I'll blow your brains out like a squirrel's. What say, do you give up?" No answer. "Here's a dozen of us here—enough to eat you up in two minutes. What say, you thief, you robber, do you give up?" No answer.

"I guess he don't meant to speak," says Mrs. French; "he means to stand it out that he's asleep or drunk, I guess."

"I'm afraid the man's dead," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, I guess," said Captain Gray, "we may as well open the door, and come to the brush at once. Come, all hands stand ready now; I've seen the wake of a pirate's craft afore to day.—John, you take your axe and stand that side of the door, and I'll stand this side with my pistol, and let the rest back us up."

With that each man and each boy clasped his weapon with desperate energy; and the women held the candles so tight that they fairly trembled in their hands; and Captain Gray carefully unhooked the door, and opened it about an inch and peeped in. All was still as death. He opened it another inch, and took a wider view. Still the man was lying motionless as a corpse upon the bed. Slowly he pushed the door wide open. A thousand thoughts rushed through the minds of the silent spectators, while Captain Gray, holding his pistol in readiness to fire, moved carefully but boldly up to the bed-side, followed by John with the axe close at his heels.

"What say now, old fellow?" said the captain; "do you give up?" No answer.

The captain put his hands upon the shoulder in order to pull him over to bring his face to the light. The figure rolled over as light as a bundle of straw, turning up a round, white cloth face.

"Is he dead?" said Mrs. Gray, standing on tip-toe, and looking over the shoulders of half a dozen others.

"If he isn't, it is time he was," said the captain, half in anger and half bursting with laughter, at the same instant discharging his pistol at the head of his unconscious victim. The report was followed by a dreadful shriek from the whole company out side of the door, and the next instant the captain hurled the man of cloth and feathers into the midst of them. Some screamed, some laughed, some ran, some fell, some almost fainted. In short, for a minute or two there was a decided hubbub.—After the first excitement was over, a spirit of inquiry began to prevail.

"What does this scrape all mean?" said Captain Gray.

"Yes, what does this scrape all mean?" said old Mr. French.

"It must be some of master Jones' duins," said Sally, "for them's his clothes."

"Well," said Captain Gray, "I think master Jones better be attending to his ciphering, a plaguy sight."

"Yes," said old Mr. French, "I think master Jones better be attending to his ciphering, a plaguy sight."

At that moment the outer door opened, and Mr. Jones came in, and seeing them all up-stairs with the lights, he walked up.

"Oh, master Jones, you plague, you," said Sally, "how *could* you cut up such a caper?"

"Well, Sally," said master Jones, "I think you and I are about even, and if you'll quit now I will."

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

READER, dost thou love merry makings—canst thou join heart and soul in the joyous laugh, the merry song and the pleasant chat, carest thou to ramble through the woods and meadows, to sail over the waters, and mingle in the dance? if so, then art thou like myself, fond of social gatherings of every kind, from the blushing bridal even to the prick-my-finger-quilting party.

Although I care not to enter into a long dissertation of the different varieties of pleasure parties which come under the head of merry-makings, still my pen must be allowed to move along at pleasure, turning in its course where'er it will before it finally enters the shady walks of Pic-Nic-land, even as a bee wings its way from one sweet flower to another tasting their sweets before resting on the chosen one, where it makes up its final store.

I remember well the first party I ever attended, 'twas less than twenty years ago, that a parcel of "young shavers," myself among the number—received an invitation to attend a grand "candy frolic" given by an old maiden aunt of mine—not one of your tall, slim, spindle spinsters was she, but a good old fashioned matronly Aunt Sally—in fact we boys all believed at that time, that she was *our* Aunt Sally and nobody else's, and some even believe it to this day. The hour for assembling was early candle light, so by four o'clock we were all there—for we judged it better to be too early than too late; albeit, it was on a Saturday and we had been very busy all of the morning in clearing the snow from the walk in front of her house, to say nothing of bringing water and going of errands—but best of all we had gone together and bought a gallon of molasses—and as we tasted with our fingers the sweet syrup we began to realize the candy that was in store for us.

Dressed in our Sunday clothes, with our clean white collars and newly blacked shoes, we all met at a certain corner house, so that we could go together, for we cared not to go alone. Here was Henry B—, with his quick eye and determined voice—Louis J—, with all his good nature and recklessness—Hobart C—, with his quaint sayings and mimmiery—Charley T—, with his take-it-easy-sort-of-air—Bob J—, with his prac-

tical jokes—Bob W—, with his sober, sedate face, which much belied him—Bob C—, with his love of fun; and last, though not least, William B—, with his heart-born laughter; and of all the party he is the only one whose warm grasp of the hand we shall no more feel—who has gone from our midst to be with us no more; of the others, but one only remains in our little city, the rest, have disappeared from the home of their childhood and have formed new associations in strange places—but I will warrant that none of them who read this, but will think with pleasure of those days of their boyhood.

But to the Pic-nic which I am sure you are anxious to hear about—besides one expects in reading of a Pic-nic to find something interesting and amusing, in fact to hear a good story with a spice of fun in it. To all who thus expect, I shall say as "Canning's" Knife Grinder does, *Story, God bless you! I have none to tell Sir*; and can only promise you a simple description of what occurred and of which, as a very particular friend of mine is wont to say, *now that you speak about it, I notice.*

It was a gay and merry party that were seated in the boats, as they floated down the river, and thought it was a warm and sunny afternoon, yet a cool breeze came stealing over the water and beneath the canvass that was stretched above the boats to protect us from the sun's rays. Gently we glided on, and the laugh, the song, and the pleasant talk, made the time pass by most rapidly as we neared our destination.

The place chosen was a small island a few miles below our little city, and a *most dear delightful little spot* it is too, as the young ladies say. Large trees with their huge branches linked together like giant's arms stand on every side—quiet, shady, retired walks, fit resorts for lovers, intercross the whole island—soft grassy nooks hidden deep between hillocks, where you hear the sweet song of the lively bob-o'-link in his black and yellow plumage—the softer music of the yellow birds as they wing from branch to branch—while the red-bird warbles its song in the elder-bush, and the jay answers from the hazel copse—anon you hear the sound of "the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree"—and the chatting of the squirrels as they spring from bough to bough. At the north end of the island is a high rocky headland which o'erlooks a low marshy tract of land, where the nodding bullrushes bow their heads, and the sword-like reeds bend to the breeze—here water-lilies with their broad green leaves and white blossoms, float upon the stagnant pools, the receding tide has left—the ivy with its white and yellow tipped fingers point upward from the water, and bright red and yellow marsh flowers, turn up unto the sun—truly the flat has the appearance of a gay garden.

The low deep bass of the bachelor bull-frog, in his green jacket and yellow waistcoat—the shrill treble pipings of the maiden frog as she gives soft reply to him, and the murmuring hum of the numerous insects as they wing on, all come upward from the swamp with pleasant sound. Or, seated on the pebbly shore on some mossy rock, you watch the little waves come chasing one another up the beach and rolling to your feet—while glittering in the sunlight you see the gleaming back of some daring perch as he rises to the surface of the water for his tempting prey. Now a huge sturgeon will throw itself high out of the stream,

and as it falls back will make the river boil and foam around it. Midway of the river a sloop with its white sails spread to catch the light breeze is slowly moving onward—or a steamboat, peradventure the Fairfield, dashes past, casting its waves high up upon the beach.

Such is Roger's Island where met our pic-nic—now have we landed and are standing in the shade of those old trees. What shall now be done—how shall we enjoy ourselves?—such are the questions that we mentally ask—a moment's pause and our determination is taken—to do whatever pleases us.

Let me see, there was Dan Stranerman, a sober looking individual whom I at first mistook for a minister, so solemn did he appear, but whom I soon came to regard as "one of us," who with Anne Bennet, Charley Betts, Mary Kirch and Sarah Beechman, started off on an exploring tour over the island.

While Dan Brown, you know him reader, do you not—a great hand for Pic-nics and parties is Dan, one whom you can no more do without, than you could do without the sun, in fact Dan is the right hand man of the maidens—he, I say, with Fred Cooke, Mary Betts, Kate Gray and Mary Wilber, were very busy in cutting up pine-apples, and preparing the supper.

But Peter Music, by the bye the girls all called him handsome Peter, for he has dark curling hair and dark eyes, and in good truth I see not why the girls should not be in love with him, he, instead of making a fire to boil the coffee as he ought, chose rather to go wandering in search of a spring of fresh water, which was known to be somewhere on the island, with Juliette Orhun, Ned Hiatt, Electa Truell and Mary Parker, such a tramp as they had down this hill and up that around by the big oak tree and then back again to the beach, where they succeeded in finding the much wished for spring. Nick Tin Brook and Barry, with Sarah and Lucy, also wandered off in search of flowers, wherewith for head dresses and wreaths, away down to the farthest end of the island they went, where they found nothing but rocks and stones—but yet they were fully repaid for their long ramble, for they could see on the opposite side of the river, a church-spire rising above the hills, and through the trees they could discern the white houses scattered around, while back still farther, where the Catskills tower up they could see a little spot of white on the blue of the mountain, it was the mountain house, a very pleasant resort during the warm season. No doubt their eyes rested on the very spot where the venerable Rip Van Winkle took his long sleep and they might have heard had they listened, the sound of the balls that Hendric Hudson and his crew were wont to play ten pins with.

But soon it was time to think of supper for the sun was sinking behind the hills and we could hear little Roly Poly blowing through his hands in imitation of a horn, to call us together. As we drew near we could hear Mary Wilber's laugh ringing out and Anne's song of joy came upon us—while a loud shout from Ned Hiatt, and an answering one from Peter told that we were drawing together. Soon a turn in the woods brought us to the spot, how pleasant it looked, to say nothing of the romance of the thing—there was the table spread upon the green sward, on which was piled an endless variety of cakes, there were little jams that Mary Betts had brought and the sandwiches which Sarah produced—and the pine-apples which

Kate and Dan Brown, had been so busy with—besides all this there were oranges and almonds and raisins and mottoes, then we had ice cream, but—and here a very serious question arose—how were we to eat it, for not a spoon was to be found, though Sarah was certain that she placed them in the basket and Juliette remembered of taking them out, but no one knew what had become of them—the cream looked most inviting but we had no means of eating it—the baskets were searched but to no purpose only one spoon was forthcoming and that proved to be a large table spoon, so it was decided that each person should have the privilege of using it. But here Dan Stranerman very innocently drew forth from the recesses of his pocket the much wished for spoons, though he declared he knew not how they came there, yet the sly twinkle that was lurking round Nick's eye and the comic expression of countenance he wore as they were produced, told plainly enough how they had got there.

Oh! how busy Roly Poly was carrying love messages in the shape of mottoes from one to the other, and real love passages they were too—quotations from Shakespeare, Festus, Cornwall, Tennyson, Moore, Byron, and Willis—besides there were some original ones among them that were addressed to "the Marys, Sarahs, and others who composed the party, and I warrant me, that many have, (*like Cop*) retained them near their hearts, to this day.

How the nuts flew about like hail-stones, and the bon-bons caught the fun of the thing and also started into life, even the *jams* after a while got merry and disappeared into the gentlemen's pockets, while Electa and Mary Parker looked as sedate and sober as if they had nothing to do with it. Even Daniel Brown found lemonade in his hat, and Charley Betts had pine apple wrapped up in his handkerchief—while Barry had ice cream poured upon his head. Oh! such wild girls as Lucy and Kate were that Pic-nic afternoon. In good truth we had a merry time of it. After supper we strayed where we listed—here seated on the soft green bank beside the water, was a group playing whist, though they were as noisy as magpies and by the tender looks they cast on each other, you might know that hearts were trumps. There seated on that rocky point was a merry company, laughing and talking, Peter was in the midst, his head decked with a bonnet, and holding a sun shade over Juliette. Bounding up the side hill, like young colts, went Ned Hiatt and romping Mary, stopping for a moment beside that group clustered together round the oak tree, to listen to the story which Dan Brown, apparently is telling for they all appear to be hearkening most attentively.

Coming towards us is Fred Cooke with Kate and Lucy, they have had a long ramble and look tired, they have been down to the water's edge, skipping stones and gathering bright colored pebbles, now they seat themselves on the mossy stones beside Nick and Barry, who with Sarah Stranerman and Mary Kirch are rivaling the far-famed "Hutchinsons." Listen, has not Nick got a most melodious voice, how it swells in full, rich, cadence up, up into the very attic of heaven—and then falls softly down like the dulcet breathings of the lute. How eagerly do the girls give ear unto the words as they come forth.

"Away down East, where the pumpkins grow,  
And the girls are fair and merry,  
Lives a lass like the mountain snow,  
With a lip like a bursting cherry."



And Barry not to be outdone, volunteered to sing that very beautiful ballad, of forty-nine verses, founded on the very pathetic tale of the babes in the woods, but they would only hearken to three verses, declaring that they were not able to listen to more from sheer pity and tears.

"There were two little children, who a long time ago,  
Got lost in the woods and whose names I don't know,  
The same two little children, who got lost in the woods,  
A long time ago and whose names I don't know."

Here the girls all joined in the

## CHORUS.

"There were two little children, whose names I don't know,  
Who got lost in the woods a long time ago."

But the shades of night drew on around us, for the "hectic flush" of day had long since disappeared, gathering in its golden rays which through the live-long day, it had cast forth in very wantonness and drowsily behind the mountain ridge had slowly sunk to rest. The ripples broke upon the pebbly shore, to the faint music of the evening breeze—as o'er the small smooth stones the waters fell, their colors grew most bright, as if the touch of painter's brush had crossed their rounded forms. It was the moment, which the lover seeks, wherein to tell his tale in words of love to the fair maid who lingers by his side—it was the hour when from our hidden hearts, best memories come thronging to our souls, like water bubbling from the mountain spring. There was a stillness brooding o'er the river, a silence resting in the dim old woods, as the faint grey mist came noiselessly stealing up from the waters, breathing upon the grass, the low green herbs, the flowers, the trembling leaves on the olden trees, whilst they shuddered and shivered as the soft dew enwrap them. The mossy stones, the splintered boughs, the broken branches, the gnarled roots, the mouldering stumps and the dead old trunks grew damp and chill as the gentle mist swept o'er them. The darkness grew within the hollows of the hills—it rested on the plains—it hid behind the stately trees and nestled 'mong the limbs—it lurked beside every rock, lingered 'neath the brush-wood and lay dead and silent in the pits and gullies. It wreathed itself over the swamp like a huge fold and stilled the sounds that came stirring up beneath it.

Though still rang the merry laughter and the song and the shout from our Pic-nic party but soon we had gathered once more into the boats and were on our homeward way.—What gentle flirtations, and soft words spoken—what pressure of hands and fingers—what drawing closer of shawls and quiet encircling of waists I dare not write—ever and anon from the forward boat a stream of fire would shoot up into the air—or a blue light would cast its glare over the water. Onward we went, till soon the lights of the city gleamed upon us—then within the "National" we tript it lightly to the sound of music, even unto the small hours of night. But the pleasantest party must have an end and so had ours—the remembrance lingers and will never be forgotten—but the time itself has gone, has flown past like a golden cloud in the sunset sky.

BARRY GRAY.

August, 1847.

## MISCELLANY.

## ANECDOTE OF REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.

MR. HAYNES, happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughter and some young friends were assembled, thought, from what

he overheard, they were making too free with the characters of their neighbors; and after their visitors were departed, he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered, "But father what shall we talk about? We must talk of something." "If you can't do nothing else," said he, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion."

A short time afterwards an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening discussion upon some points of Christian doctrine their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing the Christian temper, when his eldest daughter overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, and entering the room, gave it to her father and said, "There father, roll it about, roll it about." Mr. Haynes was obliged to explain, and good humor was instantly restored.

## SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A LAWYER retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow struck. "What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer. "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court.

The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was *this kind* of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton.

## NATIONAL VANITY.

THE vanity of a nation was never more happily illustrated than by the Chinese. A map of the world drawn by a Chinese, is a square map, seven-eighths of area being taken up by the Celestial Empire, and the other nations of the globe inhabiting the scanty suburbs of the map. "If you have not the use of our letters and cannot read our books, what can you have for a literature?" asked a Chinese of a missionary. All the words in existence could not express more vanity than was implied in such a question from such a person.—*Investigator*.

## BUSY BODIES.

THERE is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of the go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of his neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another.—Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert, for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

## WORLDLY EXPECTATIONS.

WE expect more from the world than it possibly can bestow; and when we discover its insufficiency, we charge God foolishly; and because we have not every thing that we wish, we are satisfied with

nothing. Solacing ourselves, like Jonah, under the shadow of a gourd, we fancy it is a perennial shelter. We see not the worm which is gnawing its root; and when it is smitten down and withers, we are ready to say with the sullen, testy prophet, "we do well to be angry."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Washington was sometimes given to pleasantry. Journeying East on one occasion, attended by two of his aids, he asked some young ladies at a hotel where he breakfasted, how they liked the appearance of his young men? One of them promptly replied. "We cannot judge of the STARS in presence of the SUN."

"CAN you give me two sixpences for a shilling?" asked a little boy of a grocer's clerk. "Certainly," said the clerk handing out two sixpenny pieces.—"Well," said the boy, picking up the sixpences and turning to go out, "mother says she will send you the shilling to-morrow," and was off.

LAW OF USURY.—Punishing a man for making as much as he can of his money, although he is freely allowed to make as much money as he can. Usury is rent for money, as rent is usury for land.

GROWING VIRTUOUS IN OLD AGE.—When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—*Pope*.

It often happens that rich men die in great want—want of more money.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. E. W. Roylton, Vt. \$1.00; T. I. R. Fort Wayne, Ind. \$1.00; J. C. Oondilla Forks, N. Y. \$5.00; M. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. B. Northeast Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$2.00.

## MARRIAGES.

In Brownville, Jefferson Co. at St. Paul's Church, on the 21st ult. by the Rt. Rev. W. H. Delancey, Rev. Ferdinand Rogers, Rector of Zion Church, Greene, Chenango Co. to S. Jeannette, daughter of Gen. T. Loomis, of the former place.

## DEATHS.

In this city on the 8th inst. Briggs, son of Alvin D. Cook, aged 2 years and 20 days.

On the 8th inst. Alfred Salmon, son of Robert and Lydia B. Coffin, aged 2 years.

In Harleymville, Hillsdale, on the 24th ult. after a short illness, Mr. Adam Pultz, in the 74th year of his age.

In Troy, on the 8th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of John J. and Sarah M. Van Deusen, aged 4 months and 8 days.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 4th inst. Alfred Harvey, in his 27th year, formerly of this city.

At New Lebanon, on the 31st ult. Roswell Woodworth, a soldier of the Revolution, in the 85th year of his age.

At Woodburne, (the residence of Mrs. James Fleming) on the 2d inst. Jacob Rutsen, son of Jeremiah and Mary F. Van Rensselaer, aged 18 months and 14 days.

At New-York, on the 8th inst. of Consumption, Edward Mandeville, formerly of this city.

In South Kingston, R. I. on the 8th ult. Mr. Robert Knowles and Hon. Elisha Watson, each in the 70th year of his age. These men were born within two hours of each other, resided in the same town, and died within two hours of each other.

At Mount Merino, on the 7th inst. at the residence of Oliver Wiswall, Esq. Mary Sophia, wife of Charles P. Waldron, Esq. and daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Wiswall, of New-York, aged 28 years, 2 months and 13 days.

The deceased was of a sweet disposition, friendly to all, warm-hearted and ardently attached to those she loved, charitable and kind, her sympathies and care were cheerfully tendered to the sick around her.—She was a tender and affectionate wife, a fond and indulgent mother, painfully solicitous in her maternal duties and responsibility.—Fond of home and its quiet pleasures, she cared little for the more noisy and gayer scenes of life. Situated as she was, retirement was easily gained and she enjoyed its tranquility much, latterly it was mostly given to religious exercises.—Deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, they will long mourn the loss of one so dear to them. She has left a void which cannot be replaced.

M.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## Leaves from an Unpublished Poem.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

## Number Four.

## THE EAGLE'S DOOM.

WHERE mountains rear their tall grey heights,  
By lightnings seared and rent—  
Where the hunter dreams of the morrow's sport,  
Within his leaf-domed tent;  
That kingly bird reposed his wing,  
Then gleamed his hazel eye  
Amid the cloud-mist gathered there  
'Tween lofty earth and sky.  
Against the passing breeze he flung  
His painted plume of brown,  
For none save heaven's pure breeze might kiss  
The stars upon his crown!  
"The day is glorious," he said,  
"The night surpassing fair,  
But I the king, with mighty wing,  
That cleaves the mountain air.  
"My home is 'mid the gold-fringed cloud,  
That flings its drapery o'er  
The sun's broad rays, where glory strays  
Old ether's boundless shore.  
My limits none of earth have seen;  
In regal power I rise,  
Where tempests fling their banners forth,  
And battle with the skies!  
The glittering pomp of men, around  
Which millions meanly bow—  
The men of wealth, of love, of arms,  
The monarch's jeweled brow—  
I scorn them all with native pride;  
My soul's eye upward turns  
Toward the glories that revolve  
Around a thousand suns!  
I've lashed my pinions to the rays  
That from the heavens stream down,  
And seen the struggles of mankind  
For many a gore-wet crown.  
I've heard the cry of war's red god  
As o'er the earth he strode,  
And led the willing sons of men  
Across his seas of blood:  
And on my nature's rugged height  
I've scorned and laughed to see  
The foolish shame, of those who claim  
A wiser head than me!"

He ceased, and down his ruffled brown  
The light wind passed its charm—  
Its odors bore from many a shore,  
Luxurious and warm.  
But quick amid the dimness there,  
That lay beneath the cloud,  
And wrapped the mountain in a mist,  
As gloomy as a shroud—  
A light-winged shot from foeman dire,  
Parted that downy coat;  
The proud head drooped, and death was heard  
Within the boaster's throat.  
'Twas sad to see that "bird of heaven,"  
Fall in his greatness there;  
Yet pride beheld the scene, and heard  
God's voice pronounce "Beware!"

\*So called by the ancients, from the fact of its being allowed to ascend the highest of all birds.

Sherman, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE LIFE I'D LIKE TO LEAD.

I'd like a log hut and a small gushing fountain,  
Not far from a forest and close to a lake,  
O'er-hung by the rocks of wild-looking mountain,  
Where the nimble chamois keeps the hunter awake.

I'd have a small garden embosomed with roses,  
For rustics have ever been partial to posies,  
And oft on a Sunday whatever the cause is,  
A sweet smelling cluster to chapel they take.  
I'd not have a wife with my temper to trifle,  
I'd seek an existence exempted from care,  
'Twould do very well could she handle a rifle,  
Or tidily sever the skin from a bear;  
But as for a parcel of brats to be squalling,  
In the darkness of night when the wild wolves were calling,  
The music methinks would be truly appalling,  
And therefore I'd rather have bachelor's fare.

I'd have a brave dog to apprise me of danger,  
Through thick-tangled bushes to pilot my way,  
And one to the fears of the coward a stranger,  
When met by the prowler in search of his prey.  
Well shod for the swamps in my boots of strong leather,  
We'd go on our hunting excursions together,  
And care not a straw for the wind and the weather,  
As long as we kept the chill ague at bay.

I'd bring down the deer as she merrily bounded,  
I'd feast upon venison all the week through,  
And when the lone woods with the summer birds sounded  
The red-gushing grape,  
I'd only drink water, for what can be purer,  
Or render the aim of the rifleman surer,  
Than keeping away from the palsy procurer,  
That lurks in our grog-shops and cottages too.

When the smiles of Aurora the waters were gilding,  
I'd go to the spot where the wild ducks remain,  
I'd find out the banks where the beavers were building,  
And ne'er let a shot be expended in vain:  
I'd climb up the mountains all naked and dreary,  
I'd drive the young eagles away from their eyrie,  
And when of the nerve-bracing exercise weary,  
I'd go to my own little cabin again.

Thus, time would pass on unattended by sorrow,  
Where nothing could reach me, my peace to destroy,  
Where no thought need be blent with the things of to-morrow:  
So long as this hand could a rifle employ:  
And if by a good-hearted neighbor befriended,  
I'd ask him, when life and its changes were ended,  
To see me in some verdant corner extended,  
Where summer-birds chant their sweet carols of joy.

Clareack, 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE MERMAID'S HOME.

TELL me, oh tell me, fair maid of the sea,  
Is my beauteous brother a dweller with thee,  
In thy wild ocean home 'neath the gloom of the waves,  
Where jewels burn brightest, down deep in the caves!  
"Yes, mortal, he came through the billowy deep,  
And in its dark chambers in silence doth sleep,  
There are many bright gems in his clustering curls,  
And his pale brow is wreathed with the purest of pearls.  
"But see the pale stars are fast leaving the sky,  
And swift to my coralline grot I must hie,  
Yet, take ere I go these gems from the waves,  
The purest and brightest from ocean's dark caves."

Oh maiden, I would not that thou shouldst bestow,  
The gems thou hast brought from the dark mines below;  
Then take back thy treasure—the purest of all,  
Is the bright boy who sleeps in thy wide ocean hall.

"Mortal beware, there's a charm 'round the dead,  
Who dreamless repose on the coral's low bed,  
'Tis there I have laid him—'tis there I have wept,  
And sadly and darkly my night vigils kept."

But maiden 'tis lonely and dark in the deep,  
Oh, it is not the place where the lovely should sleep,  
Though jewels burn bright on his beauteous dust,  
I care not for jewels—then give back the lost.

"No child of the earth—I cannot reveal  
The treasures which Ocean's dark billows conceal,  
For those who once come to our home in the wave,  
Are buried forever, our home is their grave."

Columbiaville, July, 1847.

E. H. J.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO THOSE WHO CAN APPLY THEM.

MOTHER, dry that scalding tear,  
Brothers, weep not o'er that bier;  
Though thy loved one sleeps in death,  
Hushed her cherub voice and breath—

She's but gone to God on high,  
Lives again in yon bright sky,  
Chanting praise before the throne  
Of the High and Holy One.  
What though by your side no more  
She shall skip as heretofore;  
What though hushed that merry shout,  
Gladdening thy hearts throughout;  
Lives again that joyous smile,  
In a bright world free from guile,  
And her sunny face ye'll greet,  
When in Heaven ye all shall meet;  
Mother, daughter, sons, and all;  
There no more the sable pall  
Spreads its shadows, dark and wild,  
'Twixt the parent and her child;  
There no parting tears shall flow,  
There no are heard no sounds of woe;  
Death's pale form can ne'er intrude  
In those mansions of the good;  
Nor shall aught of earth ally,  
Or interrupt that holy joy.

Hudson, July, 1847.

F.\*\*\*D.

## New Volume, September, 1847.

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Vol. 24, Commencing Sept. 25, 1847.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847.

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